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In Memoriam

Warren Fales Draper

1818-1905

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A MEMORIAL ADDRESS

ON THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF

Deacon Warren Fales Draper

DELIVERED BY

Professor John Phelps Taylor, D. D.

ON

Sunday, January Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Five

IN THE

Chapel of the Seminary Church

IN

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

PUBLISHED AT REQUEST OF THE CHURCH BY THE ANDOVER PRESS

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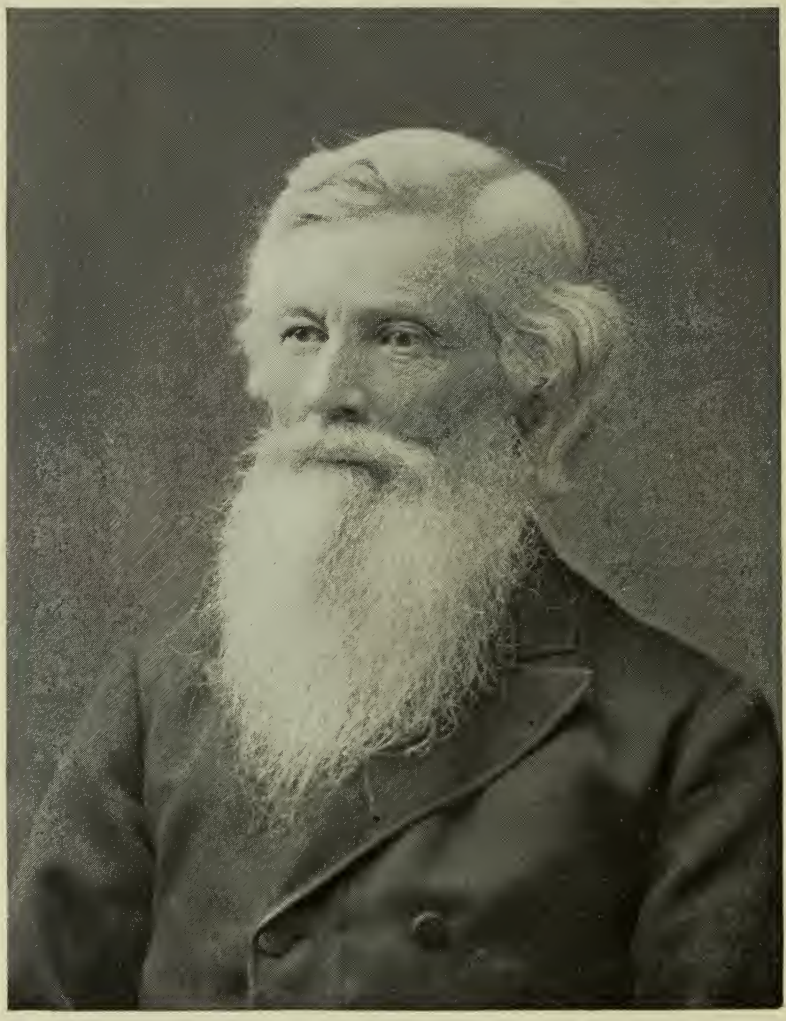

Warren F. Draper.

Text — Gospel according to Matthew, Chapter 25, Verse 23: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

These words depict our departed friend. The Town has been repeating them for a week. The Press has underscored them. The pen of many an Educator has been writing them. They whispered in the tender service beside the patriarchal form resting in the casket at his home. They marched in that long and lovely procession of the daughters of Abbot, winding two by two from Draper Hall, before their benefactor. They guarded the hearse, in the cross-like Phillips escort of honor past Draper Cottage. They welcomed him to this Chapel with prayer, and scripture from President, Professor and Principal. They throbbed in the voices of the triple-quartette, his girls and boys in that hour, while the great congregation joined in the hymns of his love to the organ touched by the hand of a friend. They soothed a sorrowing Church, no more to take from his trembling fingers the sacramental cup. They trod the aisle with the firm step of her, from whom the desire of her eyes had been snatched at a stroke. In God's acre, with the Abbot teachers' wreath on the descending coffin, men only standing around the yawning grave, they breathed to the mourners in their carriages a peace as of the setting sun. Thanks to them the wind blew a trumpet of Resurrection. The snow imaged the radiant whiteness of the Redeemed. Nay even, to the eye of faith, the sky for a moment seemed to open the gates of pearl to the coronation of a conqueror. We hear them now from angels — may I not say from One who is

the angels' Lord — those blessed words! "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

I have been asked to preach a sermon commemorating the life and services of the lamented dead. Such honor is too high for me. But because my Father was his Pastor in the South Church when he came to Andover to live and I was permitted to kneel by his bedside five and fifty years later as a friend, when he was closing his eyes in death, I gladly utter this memorial address.

Warren Fales Draper was born at Dedham, the twelfth of December, 1818, and died at Andover, January the eighth, 1905.

We praise God for the *Unity of his life.* Dedham abounded in orchards. A waterway linked it to the Charles. A powder-house linked it to Concord and Lexington. Fisher Ames and Horace Mann had walked its streets. The citizens were orderly, industrious, thrifty, enterprising, sagacious, public spirited and God fearing. Above all, Dedham was the reputed birthplace of the American Free Public School. Here had lived the ancestor of President Timothy Dwight of Yale and, by tradition, Ralph Wheelock from whom the first and second Presidents of Dartmouth sprang. Fortunate in his birthplace, our friend was no less fortunate in his blood. His parents were Martin Draper and Sally Fisher. On the paternal side he traced his lineage in the sixth generation to "James Draper the Puritan" of Yorkshire. His grandfather was noted for his powerful voice, which, on one occasion, was heard for two miles. The splendid physique of his father was a proverb. It stood him in good stead as Farmer, Woodman, Builder, Milkman, Assessor, Selectman, Captain and Deacon. Longevity was in his blood. Inflexibility was in his conscience. When a snow-storm of thirty-six hours blocked the four-mile road to his church, he struggled through with shovel and sleigh, to meet his Pastor who had done the same feat from another direction.

Mr. Draper's mother was a kindred spirit. To comeliness of person she joined deftness of hand and quickness of brain. Her careful domestic training had made her at eighteen a paragon of housekeeping. She was a weaver worthy of the family name. Her seven children whom she reared and clothed, against great odds, rose up and called her blessed. But Warren was her firstborn. Ardent and devoted, she joined the Church when this son was a child of three, and six months later consecrated him in baptism to a covenant

God. According to her, Warren's orderliness and helpfulness dated almost from the cradle. Living herself to a great age, she loved to tell how her darling, at five, with his two brothers, narrowly escaped from death at the hands of a drunken tramp, on the stage road running past her door. Her scream and the approaching stage saved the little one to be the stay of her declining years.

Our friend worked on the farm in summer and went to district school in winter. He early learned the succession of crops and the use of tools. For spending money he picked berries and snared partridges at twenty-five cents apiece. Falling from a plow-horse at eight, the boy studied the animal as intently as the animal studied the boy. At ten he met with the accident at the cider-mill which made it impossible for him to serve under his Country's flag. When he was eleven he saw his stately father profess Christ publicly. For him this event was more epoch-making than President Jackson's visit to Dedham four years later. Then "Old Hickory," the warrior, passed between the lines of uncovered men and passed from his life. Now Dr. Ebenezer Burgess, the Pastor, laid hold of him for the ministry of the gospel and would not let him go. His own convictions followed in the train of clerical and family influence. The Pastor was a Trustee of Phillips Academy. In that Pastor's sleigh one wintry day the boy rode to Andover. His first supper at the Mansion House on that hill of learning, his first night in the last house of the English Commons were never forgotten. From the start Dr. Lyman Coleman, head of the Normal School or Teachers' Seminary, was to the bright, sedate, ambitious lad what, in 1840, Dr. Samuel H. Taylor became as he began to fit for College. At Phillips he moved for three swift and strenuous years in an atmosphere of great traditions. Here the sword of the intellect had been forged on the anvil of the Revolution. Here Washington had sent his nephews' sons to be trained in the School of the erudite Pearson, and the courtly Pemberton. And here Warren F. Draper sat under the eye of the prince of classicists, conned the books of Burgess, clasped the hands of Stone, the versatile Principal of Abbot, taught in the Phillips District with cards of merit, thrilled to the pulpit eloquence of a Stuart, Woods and Park, mourned the commanding figure of the donor of Bartlet Hall and Bartlet Chapel, the latter dedicated the very year he was born. He was graduated in the class of 1843, one year behind the Hon. Moses T. Stevens.

For the next four years, 1843-1847, he was a member of Amherst College. In that nursery of clergymen and of revivals the ministry was steadily his goal. Of this he wrote often and earnestly to parents and future wife. To this end he taught in Holliston, Medfield and Canton, numbering Judge Bishop among his pupils. Meanwhile the Amherst President, Dr. Edward Hitchcock, was kindling him to be a torch of truth. He sat at the feet of that "leader in science, lover of man, friend of God, ever illustrating the cross in nature and nature in the cross." He was president of the Eclectic Society. He was a member of the Missionary Band. He longed to be an Ambassador of Christ.

Then came disappointment, like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky. In the fall of 1847 he had entered Andover Theological Seminary with his fellow townsman and college classmate, Timothy Stowe. Another Amherst classmate still living was to be his room-mate. When he came five weeks later, Draper had gone. A physician's voice had barred him from the pulpit. His reason almost reeled from the blow. Little did he think that in less than two years the voice of a physician's son would open to him the Press. Yet so it was. In 1848 he had been married in Philadelphia by the Rev. Albert Barnes to Miss Irene Patience Rowley of Wrentham. With the approbation of parents and pastor he was serving God in a business he had made his own. In 1849 he was called to the Andover Bookstore. Stowe writes him in March of this "rare opportunity for a man of tact and taste." "Will you come?" In April Mr. Draper is on the ground, recording his first sale of a ream of sermon paper to his future brother-in-law. The *Bibliotheca Sacra* — "the most learned of Theological Reviews" — he began to print the next year, 1850. In 1851-2 he vibrated between the Young Ladies' Boarding-House of Principal Farwell, then abroad on a wedding journey, and the Publishing House of Allen, Morrill & Wardwell — now John D. Flagg — wrestling with his secular ministry. In 1853 he went to London. He represented John P. Jewett of Boston, the publisher of "Uncle Tom's Cabin. In 1854, he returned. That was the year Smith Hall was built, and furnished under the auspices of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Henceforth, through the printed page, the word of his Master and hers was to go to the ends of the earth from this *unordained preacher*.

The next twelve years 1854-1866 were the high noon of Mr.

Draper's career on the Hill as the Andover Publisher. So he is remembered by hundreds of Theological students. Would I could quote them. He was Mechanic, Merchant, Employer, Reader, Editor, Traveller, Patriot. Behind his desk he conducted a vast domestic and foreign correspondence. He was in daily touch with Park, Phelps, Shedd, Barrows, Stowe, Taylor, Eaton and their mighty pupils. Now he chuckles at the jests of Leonard Woods. Then he stares at the precosities of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. He took out patents in Washington. He went to conventions in Chicago. He planned for the Bicentennial of the Seminary. In the great tent, where the son of Preceptor Adams presided, he heard Josiah Quincy, who had been a boy of 6, in Phillips' first class fourscore years before, tell the tale of the Founders. He burst into song, with that concourse, at the news of the fresh Atlantic Cable. He published Leonard Bacon's masterly Bicentennial sermon. When the fall of the Pemberton Mill darkened, the coming of the McKeen sisters lightened, his face. He buried Samuel Farrar at 90, Planner and Supervisor of every edifice on the hill, Treasurer of three institutions, Lawyer, Banker, Librarian, Citizen, Helper of needy students by his Latin and English dormitories. He saw the "Old Stone" burn down. He saw the "New Brick" rise up. He shuddered at the assassination of Lincoln. He exulted at the capture of Davis. The stream of his savings trickled into the pond of his profits. The catalogue of his books became a catalogue of Homer's ships. Steadily, carefully and trustfully he invested in new machinery, gained new customers, sent out new volumes, amassed new properties, trained new men till his figure and his dwelling seemed inseparable from the Hill Institutions. Removal was to him eviction. But it came. His only retaliation was the Draper Prize Speaking and the Draper Scholarship.

The final period of our friend's activity dates from 1868 and links itself not less closely to Abbot Academy. That was the year he built his present residence on School street, facing the original school building of 1829. Nov. 16, 1868 he was elected Trustee. On Thanksgiving Day he moved into the new home. "Now you must give to Abbot instead of Phillips" said the daughter of an old friend. The Draper Prize Reading in Mrs. Draper's name was his response. From this moment he took to his heart Abbot's material, intellectual and spiritual interests.

Newman, Jackson, Swift, Buck and Davis—with their treasures of lore, of wisdom, of taste, of geniality, of generosity—were all among her living guardians. Smyth, Thayer, Coburn, Frost, Porter, Churchill —now alas no more—were to join the Board within a decade. For upwards of 30 years Mr. Draper was never absent from a Trustee meeting. As in 1872 he had been chosen Treasurer of the Seminary church, so in 1876 he was chosen Treasurer of Abbot. For a quarter of a century he magnified his office, a tireless Administrator, a prudent Financier, a thoughtful and munificent Giver till in 1901 he resigned it at the advanced age of 83. His colleagues then presented him with a silver loving cup. In it were three and eighty roses. Together they bore witness to a shining and fragrant life. Long before this—when he laid down his business of printing and retailing books and the *Andover Townsman* began, he made possible by his contribution of $25000, one quarter of its cost, the noble Administration and Collegiate Edifice called in his honor Draper Hall.

In 1904 he witnessed the dedication of the McKeen Memorial and Davis Hall, to whose erection seventy-five years from the beginning, he had contributed $7500 and at the laying of whose corner stone he had spontaneously and dramatically participated the summer before. Did he utter Simeon's prayer on that day of days? After it, life glided to its close. His last birthday of a serene and sunny old age was marked with gifts to the Punchard School and the completion of a will making Abbot Academy his virtual heir. His last days' work before the attack of pleurisy and of paralysis that proved mortal, was a sorting of the stereotype plates bequeathed to his beloved School. "I would not have you to be ignorant " had been his book-plate. That too was his swan-song. One frame of life without, one idea of life within—"well done thou good and faithful servant," we exclaim even at this glance of recapitulation.

To the unity of Mr. Draper's life corresponded the *vigor* of his *personality*. You recall the snowy locks and patriarchal beard. Even thus the fire of youth was under the frost of age. But I have seen his portrait at manhood's dawn. The rosy cheeks, the firm mouth, the piercing eye reveal the strong son of a strong sire. "Stunted" or "sickly" were the last terms to be applied to him. No hint there of the quincy sore throat at Philadelphia, which made

preaching an impossibility. Still less was his iron constitution prophetic of the victim of rheumatic fever in 1866, lifted from his bed on a sheet to the sanitorium of Sharon Springs. An enduring and amazing vitality marked him out from his fellows. Mentally he was slow rather than swift of perception. His memory was tenacious by discipline. His ear was apt to recognize the birds of the Spring by their notes. His judgment was sound. He had a robust common sense. His grasp of a problem was deeper and wider than that of some friendly critics. His imagination could absorb, if it could not create. He had the capacity of concentrated and sustained attention. He was exact in details. He was patient in investigation. To think logically, to observe precisely, to generalize prudently were the habits of his intellectual being, This gave him early and late a "balanced solidity and judicial manliness" that distinguished him from more superficial and sparkling spirits.

On the side of aesthetics one counted him at first deficient. Yet order which is beauty's kin was innate. He loved the colors of flower and fruit, and the cedar of Lebanon, whose seed he brought from Paris to his Andover garden. He valued the Art club at Professor Parks' and the Art history flowing out of it into the Abbot curriculum. The exquisite taste of a Swift, embellishing Abbot's grounds, was not his. Yet he could and did enrich those grounds by the addition of their choicest gem, the Grove. He was a member of Lowell Mason's famous class in singing at Park Street church. He was a draftsman, knowing enough of line to sketch the plans for his father's new house, with the grape-vine clambering over its porch. He was proud not merely of the casts Miss Means collected abroad the first year he was Treasurer. He loved the music rooms and art studio that made the crown, as the beautiful McKeen and Mason Rooms made the base of Draper Hall. His last entry in his duplicate book of the Trustees Records related to the Byers' Art Building.

Morally he was a rock. "Hewn from the Puritan quarry" men said. He stood for temperance till the rum power raged. Once, twice, thrice, waste cotton oiled and lighted was laid at the outspoken "Advertiser's" doors. That war-horse of the total abstinence reform, Lyman Beecher, at the Lawrence Fourth of July picnic, was not more rigid and consistent than his middle-aged admirer. His veracity made his word the equivalent of his bond. A retainer trusted him with the earnings of years as unhesitatingly as

if he were a Savings Bank. Other men might evade contracts with him. He was true to his contract with them as the sun in the heavens. "Punctual as a clock" was the phrase characterizing his fidelity to engagements. His feeling of the obligation of a trust was almost morbid. He was a man of law and order in a lawless generation. He was more. He was a man of justice. "The highest order of justice controlled his life." For a pupil or teacher wronged he was a staunch and chivalrous champion. He pleaded the cause of righteousness in secret. Often his name was known not to his client but to his Father in Heaven. He was a man of courage. I was reading, yesterday afternoon, in the Advertiser, his own account of his encounter with a burglar in January 1865. How he watched in his darkened bookstore, armed, alone, ignorant of the odds against him, at the dead of night, serenely awaiting and shrewdly observing the stealthy entrance of the masked intruder. How he summoned him to surrender and drove him to a corner at the muzzle of a revolver. How with a lightning flash the ruffian shot two bullets at close range, one through Mr. Draper's hat, the other grazing his head and blinding his eyes with blood. How, forgetting his wounds, our friend returned the shot, called for reinforcements and by the help of constables clung to the tracks of the fugitive thief, till the scourge of the town was landed in the jail is told by the chief actor with the artlessness and dauntlessness of his martial blood. In other and sterner battles he was no less a hero.

And benevolence was part of him. His enemies called him mean, stingy, parsimonious. They did not know that he saved in pennies that he might give in dollars. The hand lamp lighting the Trustee meetings at his house was no symbol of the miser. It was rather a ray from the Father of Lights on a Philanthropist. It shone on and through one who was a perennial fount of benevolence —cautious, keen, systematic, principled, sympathetic, practical. The air is full of posthumous tributes fluttering into the heart of those, who mourn his irreparable loss. They praise most touchingly our revered friend. Because he sought out the cause of the poor therefore they love, and because he made the widow's heart sing for joy, therefore they lament.

Mr. Draper's character was a rare compound. He could not be read simply as his books. One moment he seemed all thought. Another he seemed all will. The rationalist interchanged with the

executive. That reticent New Englander held great wells of Southern emotion. By turns men deemed him calm and choleric, prudent and impetuous, phlegmatic and sensitive, narrow and broad, melancholic and optimistic, childlike and masterful, self-denying and self-asserting, obstinate and conciliatory, conservative and progressive. Not to Paul himself was the struggle between the flesh and the Spirit more real. He was with men of ten talents. In his own eyes he had but one. In his modesty he was great. Not for a moment did he compare himself with Churchill whose royal nature and magnetic genius he had fostered. To Bancroft the inquisitive scholar, the peerless correspondent, the tactful citizen, the beloved Principal he did homage. And before Park the inspiring teacher, the eloquent preacher, the profound theologian, to whom he erected unaided the bronze beside this pulpit, he bowed with a love so lowly that he wrote his own name only on the back of the tablet. Yet it is Dr. William Park who writes of him truly, "Such men as Mr. Draper build up a town and strengthen its institutions. It takes a generation to replace them."

He was a spiritual dynamo. To the evil he was a terror. To the good he was a tower. If among equals or inferiors his virile energy sometimes created friction, it always commanded confidence. He could say no. Self he could trample under foot.

He wedded positiveness and politeness. He transformed failure into success. The citizens often antagonized, they ever respected his granite personality. Against the popular current he was a preserver of Indian Ridge. Then he reminded of Dedham's Avery Oak. He was a transplanter of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* at untold loss from Andover to Oberlin. Then he stood for the right, as God gave him to see the right, like Dedham's Pillar of Liberty. He was an invincible and indomitable economist in a material age. His passive virtues were no whit behind his active ones. The money idolized by the world he made a servant of learning and religion. He was a force wrought into the finest fibre of civic and national life. The momentum of a disinterested and a magnanimous soul carried him on and up. At three-score years and ten, in the memorable year when the blizzard blew and John Byers died, his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated. He might have been a brake on the wheels of educational progress. He was an engine. We praise God that

his last sixteen years were his best sixteen years — in achievement, in quality, in symmetry, and in outlook.

"Well done thou good and faithful servant," we say once more in view of the *scope* of our revered friend's *services*. Agriculture, Trade, Manufactures, Art, Letters, Science, Local History, Good Government, Pulpit and Press, Peace and War, Manners and Morals, Individuals and Institutions, the Church and the World owe this quiet man a debt to be commemorated elsewhere I trust. Let me dwell here on his preeminent services to Labor, Language, Home and Education. *To Labor*. These are the days of the indolence and insolence of wealth. Mr. Draper scorned them. He dug on the Dedham farm. He made nails on Roxbury Neck. He framed and varnished paintings in Philadelphia. He planted orange groves in Florida. As Leverett Bradley was janitor of Phillips in 1868, so Warren Draper was janitor of Abbot in 1841. He was not ashamed of his task. There he kindled fires and swept rooms. He would go from woodpile to woodpile seeking the job of sawing it. He drew water and blacked shoes for his board at seventy-six cents per week. He ran on errands for the Master of the School of which he was to be the second Father. These manual labors he coupled with mental ones for fifteen hours a day. At Amherst he read his Horace while making ink and selling books. Student or Printer he never skimmed or shirked. On the Semi-Centennial Catalogue of 1879 he worked for months without a moment to look at a newspaper. Ten years later we recall him skipping up and down the ladders of the rising Draper Hall like a carpenter.

He was an employe who mastered the hand press. He was an editor who burned the midnight oil for his journal. More than once the belated wayfarer might see him at two o'clock in the morning correcting proof, while his helpmeet directed wrappers. He was an employer of labor working with it and not against it. He respected its rights and felt its responsibilities. To manly, ambitious, honorable, efficient labor like his own he was a brother. So the father of the late eminent rector of Trinity Boston proved. To slothful and unprofitable servants, made such by drink, he was a Gospel. He was a capitalist bridging the industrial chasm. He was a treasurer draining, inspecting, painting, purchasing, accounting, overseeing, with every ounce of his strength and every faculty of his mind. He was a publisher directing, packing, shipping invoice after invoice of

literature and theology to eager consumers all over the globe. In his indefatigable diligence he reminds us of Benjamin Franklin, whose craft he honored, whose city he loved and whose wisdom he shared. The New England Quaker poet has sung no more ringing hymns to labor than Mr. Draper's unremitting assiduity from the cradle to the grave. Like the life of Judge Phillips which he read aloud with his wife, shortly before his death, he preaches here a perpetual sermon to Youth.

A second of his services was to *language*. He bemoaned his lack of fluency. "How could one so tongue-tied have been a preacher?" he would ask. Men called him, and rightly, "a man of few words." But his speech gained in pregnancy what it lost in ease. It was direct like himself. He knew how to omit. His letters were models of pith and point. Than his Town meeting arguments nothing could be racier in phrase. He put forth editions of "Classical Study" and "Latin Synonyms" illustrating the lights and shades of thought. He admired the purity of the Abbot Presidents' addresses to the Graduating class. His comradeship with masters of his native tongue cultivated his own exactness in the use of it. More than this. It made him a Missionary of it. While English was in the background of Education, Mr. Draper felt its spell through Porter's Rhetorical Reader. He procured Lecturers like Choate to enrich and exemplify its sinewy force. He gave Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to be the prize of spelling matches in the vernacular of Milton. They were given in the Town Hall where a little child should lead them. He instituted prize-speaking at Phillips Academy. He would uproot from the Puritan Pulpit and from the rising generation slovenly spelling and a debased vocabulary. The lucid and logical mind of Miss McKeen, combined with her refined and stimulating taste, welcomed and promoted the idea. Side by side with it, was Mr. Draper's reverence for the English Bible as the English Classic. All his batteries of type were levelled here. He published Grammars and Commentaries on the idioms of the New Testament. They were meant to illumine the utterances of Him who spake as never men spake. He made of the Hebrew Psalter a rich and impassioned English Breviary. For the one year of the Boston imprint of Draper & Halliday he sent out "the Confessions of Augustine," whose English sentences beat with the flaming heart of the Latin seraph. He electrotyped the noblest col-

lection of English Hymns Congregationalism had known. He heralded Thayers' Greek-English Lexicon in Andover type from Zion's Hill, twenty-three years before it issued from Harper's to the glory of Harvard. And ere he went, on the site, where the first Academy stood and Farrar had lived and Churchill died, he left a collection of Andover Publications on Andover of matchless antiquarian and linguistic worth.

I emphasize third his service to the *Home*. "Father Draper" he was called by the young. The title was a caress. His first thought when an accident befell him in boyhood was "Don't tell mother." And in the hour of darkness, when the cup of the ministry was dashed from his lips, that Mother poured back the treasures of her love. I have read a letter, revealing the jocose and practical dependence, on the absent Son, of the honored and godly Father, to whom on his own 70th birthday Mr. Draper erected a memorial in the Dedham church. His brothers and sisters were as his children. One of them lived in his earliest Andover dwelling. All of them received his share in the ancestral estate. The childhood of nephews and nieces was brightened and beautified by visits to the printing-press and apple orchard, by drives to picnic and Presidential Procession, by gifts of Saving-Bank-Books on birthdays, by the truest and tenderest Family Life. Mr. Draper's marriage was "one long honeymoon." Husband and wife complemented and completed one another like a double star. They noted the "first occupants" of Draper Hall in the robin nest on a high beam. When the young couple were in London at the birthday of Queen Victoria in St. James, it was the more precious to both because their own wedding day also. The Queen bowed to Mrs. Draper. "The British then saluted an American Queen" was Mr. Draper's smiling comment. Boarding and homelessness are too often synonyms. To the inmates of the Draper House on the hill the reverse was the case. A graduate and future President of Mt. Holyoke graced it with her brave and brilliant intellect. A finished and inspiring Harvard preacher slept for two years beneath his "rational and congenial" roof. A Pastor of Bradford and Home Missionary of Utah recalls his "helpful and enlivening table talk." The Missionary Hamlin of Constantinople was represented in this circle by an Armenian protegée, whom Mr. Draper taught the art of printing and the grace of charity. The golden-mouthed Pulpit Orator of Brooklyn and Abbot spread,

for himself and family, a feast of feasts at the same board one memorable summer. What greetings! What friendships! What studies! What games! What counsels! What aspirations! between the four walls where Mrs. Stowe's canary birds sang the vacation through.

So of the Draper House we know. Was there plain living? It was Mr. Draper's banner against the sin of luxury. With it went the high thinking of a hearth-stone none could for a moment associate with the club-room or the divorce court. Rules were hedges for the flowers of duty and virtue. Summer and winter this home was a refuge and a sanctuary. Anniversaries spelt hospitality. Holidays magnetized kinsfolk. Semesters brought teachers' faces. Morning and evening saw the lawn alive with happy schoolgirls at their sports. What throngs went in and out of the simplicity, the refinement, the cordiality of that open door. Across the street was the house of the "*Commons Experiment.*" There his wife, an Abbot school girl, more than half a century before, had made acquaintance with a son of Phillips of the class of '43. Also with the huge desk, the copper kettle and the smoking stove. There too her companions —so the chronicler writes—had been Affection, Temperance, Precision, Cheerfulness, Melody, Prudence, Patience, Firmness, Calmness, Mercy, Sympathy, Music, Peace. Long since like good angels they had come to the wedded Home. The garden of Dr. Sanborn, the orchard of Chief Justice Morton had caught glimpses of them. They had heralded emancipation from the bondage of servants. They rejoiced in the house-warming of Draper Hall, while the big tears rolled down the cheeks of Hon. George L. Davis. They walked with Bunyan's staff to the golden wedding of Professor and Mrs. Park. They were a halo round the silvery hair of the benignant gentleman of the Old School in his long dressing gown and arm chair. They smiled at Mrs. Downs' Thanksgiving poem of "Washington's kiss." They hovered over the Family Altar, of which he was the sympathetic and uplifting Priest. They flew out in golden volumes from what was to have been brightest of golden weddings, cheering and comforting a bereaved school in the departure of the beloved Miss McKeen from Sunset Lodge to her Heavenly Home. The Family is the Unit of Civilization. Mr. Draper looked out of his Home window, on the Academy, as Madame Phillips looked out of hers on the Seminary, and coming

generations may look back on both with grateful hearts for the hallowed memory.

The fourth and chiefest of Mr. Draper's services was to *Education*. I once preached on the Debt of the Church to the *Christian Academy*. "Never before had I realized this truth" he amazed me by saying. All the world would have supposed it was engraven on his heart. He helped individuals to it and through it. He subsidized books as etherial and immortal messengers. He harbored a conception of Womanly culture as something of a finer and fairer fibre than that of man. Not merely at Phillips and at Amherst was he personally a teacher. He was such in his home, in his press, in his Trusteeship, in his friendship with Stone and Farwell, with Nancy Hasseltine and Emma Taylor. Discipline of will and responsiveness to truth went with him. Inspiration rather than information was his objective. Facts, rules, tables might be his means. Insight, initiative, grasp, growth, character, power were his end. From the history to the philosophy of Education he probed, he plodded, he kindled. He served for two years as the secretary and treasurer of the Memorial Hall Library. It was because he felt with Carlyle, "A collection of Books is the true University of these days." He produced an index of the Bibliotheca, which was a masterpiece drawing a Scholar's praise. His Bookstore became a fountain head of Pastors Libraries to tone and train a thinking community. His travels were so many awakenings and enrichings of his own mind and the minds of His fellow teachers and pupils.

For thirty years he built up theological, rhetorical, dramatic, aesthetic, athletic culture by his purse. He would not have the ministry sidetracked as intellectual leaders by emotionalism instead of knowledge. They should be learned and godly, if his foundation for the promising and aspiring could make them such. Nor would he have the American masses shut out from the training that makes their labor the best paid and most productive in the world. That was the message, vibrating with a thousand tongues from the first $1000 given to the Seminary to the last $1000 given to the Schools. "To learn the great end and real business of living" was the aim of the Founder of Phillips for the pupils. Draper Cottage was his response to that. "To form the immortal mind to habits suited to an immortal being" was the Constitution of Abbot for her daughters. Draper Hall was his timely, statesmenlike, princely Amen to that.

To say that he gave $100,000 to Education in Andover is not enough. He gave himself. He came to Abbot a janitor. He left it a Father and a Founder. With one hand he wrote his name high on the scroll of the Patrons of American Learning. With the other he opened Sunset Lodge to Miss McKeen in her sunset years and drove her out in the Easter air, the Sunday before her death. His was the heart that stood by Miss Watson introducing "Greek culture rather than American savagery into Abbot's curriculum" and honored by his presence the dance as a "child of the graces rather than a snare of the devil." His pastor, Dr. Burgess, who brought him to Andover to be educated for the ministry, left 3000 sermons in manuscript. Three thousand Living Temples, restored from the ruins of the Fall, by Christian Education are praising Dea. Draper and his Master for the good tidings sent them from the Andover Press and the Andover Institutions! He was an Education Society in himself. And therefore His will be the memory that shall link the religion of education and the education of religion with the names of Abbot, Phillips, Bartlet, Farrar, Woods, Park, Taylor, Bancroft, Churchill and McKeen forever.

"Well done thou good and faithful servant" we say once more and finally for the *singleness* of his *devotion*. The core of Mr. Draper's being centered in God. In the morning sun and the midnight sky he saw the Almighty. To him the pastures clothed with flocks sang God. "The sea is His for He made it." This was his creed on the steamer mailed in ice, or escaping collision in fog, as in the sermon, whose editions succeeded one another, like the surges thundering on the shore. He was an undemonstrative man. Yet he cried with the Psalmist, "O Lord God thou art my trust from my Youth. By thee have I been holden up from the womb. Thou art He that took me out of my mother's bowels." He was a prosaic man. Yet he felt with the poet that the God of the Universe was nearer than hands and feet. In the setting and shaping of his life he loved to trace the mysterious finger of his Father in Heaven. He honored the Lord's Day. He hated the Sunday newspaper. Not thus would he rob Christianity of one of its most precious spiritual assets. He was a plain man. Therefore to him the Ten Commandments and the Apostles Creed meant just what they said. In his faith and conduct he was a conservative of shining wake. The appeal of the Old Theology was stronger to him than the new.

He had been catechised in Holy Scripture from a child. He read it, as man, now by topics, now by books; but always with the eyes of the heart, as the living word of the living God. How the Farmer's boy thrilled at the voice of the Herdsman of Tekoa. "Seek Him that maketh the Pleiades and Orion and turneth the shadow of death into the morning." How the Student of the Parthenon under Dr. Taylor glowed at Paul's sermon on Mars Hill—"Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

The words of Jesus were hidden in the memory of this quiet man. "*Petty*" he might be called. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much" was his plea. "*Stingy*" he might be caricatured. "Gather up the fragments that remain" was his justification from above. "*Rabid*" cried the champions of slavery. But the Prophet of Nazareth had said, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me to preach deliverance to the captive and to set at liberty them that are bruised." "*Narrow*" sneered the worldly, the gay, the frivolous. He did not answer "a sword is better than a bludgeon for a Gordian knot." "If any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me," answered for him the Teacher of the Ages. "*Severe*" thought the corrupt, the fraudulent, the deceitful, the persecuting, the hypocritical. And lo, the Lord of Love breathed back the fiery wo into his ear and he heard though he spake not. "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers how shall ye escape the damnation of hell."

Mr. Draper believed in the dignity of human nature as shown by its ruins. He believed yet more in the regenerating grace of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. The Mystery of the Atoning Love of Calvary transcended his reason yet satisfied it, relieved his conscience yet quickened it. The secret life of the soul burst into bloom. While a student at Andover, at his first Christmas recess, he first took the cup from the hand of Dr. Ebenezer Burgess and confessed before the first church in Dedham the name of his incarnate Lord. It was an act of deliberate obedience to the Highest Authority. From that hour the fellowship of the Saints was the sweetest of ties. The austere and blameless servant of the Crucified joined the Church at Amherst, a freshman. Three years later he passed the bread to his brethren as a devout senior. Transferred by letter, in the hour of his own Gethsemane, to the Dedham church once more, on the first Communion of the New Year of his marriage, he gained a

warmer place in the hearts of his pious parents. He also gained a tenderer knowledge of the Bride of Christ. The very year of his arrival in Andover as a citizen, was the year of his sitting at the Lord's table of the South Church as a brother. How it knit his soul to John Lord Taylor, the Pastor, and John Aiken, the Deacon, and a shining host now in glory. Seven years later, when the apple blossoms of May were white as his hoary head of righteousness, he celebrated his first communion with the Seminary church and its unique body of Elect Spirits round the globe. How the seraphic author of the *Still Hour* administered, how the Master of the feast drew near and baptized with the Spirit the breaking of the bread, he ever rejoiced to recall. How then fifteen years later, chosen in place of one snatched up to Heaven with the New Testament in his hand, on the threshold of yonder Academy of a snowy Sunday morn, Deacon Draper ministered to you the cup of blessing, down to the last Communion of the old year (the seventy-fifth of Abbot Academy), when his wife and he trod this aisle for the last time, arm in arm together,— I need not remind this sorrowing yet rejoicing household of faith. The very dust of this house of God was precious in his sight.

Father *glorify Thy name* was the Master's sacerdotal prayer. Mr. Draper echoed it under the three temptations of old age, selfishness, stagnation, and bigotry. It motived his visitations of God's Poor. It prompted his reverence for the New England luminaries of Learning and Character. It coupled the Battle Hymn of the Republic with the national anthem to the God of the Fathers. He came into his House making everything of the Puritan Thanksgiving to the God of the Harvest. He went out of it not neglecting the Christmas Festival of the Savior of the World. Missions and Missionaries meant to him "Thy Kingdom come". Therefore he wore the Corean hat sent home by an Abbot girl, threatened with death for preaching Jesus, and sped on his Apostolate to Japan the childlike hero of faith, Joseph Nee–Sima. His last public function at the McKeen Memorial was to attend the lecture of Booker Washington. The May meetings of Exeter Hall in London, the October meetings of the American Board in Boston struck for him the note of the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God.

Through Life's toils and trials, enigmas and tragedies, he held fast to its Divine Ideal. "I have called thee by name, thou art mine," said the Divine Voice. Steadfastly he sought to finish the

work the Father had given him to do. To him Death was no King of Terrors. It was the Portal of immortality. Here he was a Pilgrim and a Stranger. He sought the City of God. He prepared for his departure, just as if he was going on a journey. The last domestic device for the comfort of his wife was adjusted. The last check he ever signed was made ready for a niece. "The infinite future had invaded his life perceptibly to the senses, like the ocean felt far inland up a tidal river." A marvellous trust and gratitude enwrapped his mind. He talked freely with his companion about the eternal world.

Mrs. Mary S. Byers, asked by Rev. Dr. Fuller, Treasurer Fuller's grandfather, in her final agony, can you say with Paul "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ", answered with emphasis I *can*. Mr. Draper would have said the same. "I am tired all the time" said he in the months when heart and flesh were failing. "Oh if I could only rest," he sighed to those who saw him oftenest in the weeks before the end. And lo the Angel of the Lord shone into the prison of his mortal frame and loosened the fetters of his sense. At the touch of God he fell asleep. Once only in the brief days of his illness did he regain consciousness. It was when he turned his eyes to the clock. The pointers marked the hour, when Rev. Mr. Shipman was paying Mr. Draper his beautiful tribute as a burning and shining Light. His face became as the face of an angel. And then, a week later on the Lord's Day, after dear hymns had been sung by ministering women, the gates of glory were lifted up, with the setting sun and he entered in, a pillar in the temple of his God, to go no more out. "How glad Miss McKeen and Miss Phebe must have been to see him," writes a friend. The Church on Earth sobs he is gone. The Church in Heaven sings he is come.

And in the cemetery he laid out, with the willow from Napoleon's grave at St. Helena and Washington's tomb at Mt. Vernon, the good and faithful servant rests beside his neighbor on the Hill, Pastor and Clerk of the Seminary Church, Trustee and President of the Day at the Abbot Semi-Centennial, the Interpreter of Luther and Melancthon and of Jonathan Edwards, preceded to the grave by his beloved wife of that illustrious stock, and by the splendid Company of Saints and Scholars with whom Mr. Draper's life and labors were organically linked. Were any memorial of him needed, beyond the imperishable monument of his public services, it should

be a granite Sarcophagus. Who could not read the *unwritten* inscription — "*Not to be ministered unto but to minister*" — of this Heaven-commissioned Layman, the silent Herald of God's truth, the speaking Almoner of God's love to Andover and to the world.

Warren F. Draper Dec.12,1818 - Jan.8,1905.

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